

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,  
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,  
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule  
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,  
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,  
I haue in quick determination  
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,  
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,  
Haply the seas, and countries different,  
With variable obiects, shall expell  
This something fetled matter in his hart,  
Whereon his braines still beating  
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.  
What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it  
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?  
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,  
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,  
But if you hold it fit, after the play.  
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him  
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,  
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare  
Of all their conference: if she find him not,  
To England send him: or confine him where  
Your wisdoms best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so,  
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trip-  
pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,  
had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire  
so much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-  
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must  
equire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it  
ffends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow

tere

*Prince of Denmarke.*

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground  
lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable  
dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-  
doeing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

*Play.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee  
your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with  
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of na-  
ture: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing,  
whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere  
the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own  
Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure:  
Now this ouer-done, or come trady off, though it makes the vnskil-  
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of  
which one, must in your allowance oreweigh a whole Theater of o-  
thers. O there bee Players that I haue scene play, and heard others  
praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-  
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor  
man, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Na-  
tures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imita-  
ted humanity so abominably.

*Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

*Ha.* O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes  
speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that  
will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators  
to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of  
the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most  
pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready. How  
now my Lords, will the King heare this peece of worke?

*Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* And the Queene to, and that presently,

*Ham.* Bid the Plaiers make hast. Wil you two help to hasten them.

*Ros.* I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

*Ham.* What how, *Horatio.*

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hora.* Heere sweete Lord, at your seruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man  
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

*Hora.* O my deere Lord.

II. N.